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Church of God  
**Evangel**





# the Cloud

in a mystery." We preach in a mystery, but we preach. There are many things about life that are mysterious. Some things that happen are mysterious. Experiences that you go through with are mysterious. Paul heard a voice from that cloud of mystery, and he heard it clearly on the Damascus road. He was called by his name, and that made a difference. Even today, the divine voice speaks through the cloud of mystery to those who have the ears to hear. The voice said, "This is my beloved Son: hear him."

I ONCE HEARD a message delivered on the silence of God, and this was the illustration: that God spoke in His Word, and He expects us to believe and obey His Word that He has spoken. Then the voice spoke from the cloud to the bewildered disciples and said, "This is my beloved Son: hear him." If it was necessary to hear Him then, it is necessary to hear Him today, through the blessed Book. When we listen to Him, what do we hear? We hear Him say, "When you pray, say, Our Father." Mystery may remain, but with that word "Father" ringing in our ears, surely we can go forward. If God, the high and lofty One who inhabits eternity and whose name is holy, is also our Father, then we are His children. Though we cannot fully understand Him, we know that He understands us, and we can leave our lives in His hands in faith and trust.

Let us look for a moment at the second cloud, which is the cloud of doubt. We may agree with what has just been said, and we may believe it in our hearts, but perhaps you are reminding yourself that it is easier to believe it sitting in the church in the fellowship of other Christians than out there in the turmoil of life. We have all experienced times when the cloud of doubt had descended upon us and we were tempted to think that our thoughts on Sunday were unreal, that we were just indulging in wishful thinking. We have all experienced those gloomy days, those doubtful moments, those times when we were seemingly shaky, when there was discouragement lurking very near. It is the purpose of the cloud of doubt to blot out the promises, to blot out our faith until we cannot see.

In 1949 when we were coming into Hong Kong, we were flying above the clouds; the sunshine was bright and beautiful; the weather appeared to be very balmy, and the clouds below us were white and fleecy. But we could not see the landing field and knew not the place it was located, but the pilot who was piloting the Constellation Clipper knew that he was close to the airport of Hong Kong, and because of his instruments he did not let the clouds phase him. The clouds began to envelope that large plane as it dropped down through them. Having been told a short time before by a man from the State Department that this was one of the most treacherous ports around the world, fear gripped our hearts as this plane swung lower and lower and was submerged in the clouds. Darkness gathered around; the weather was rough; but regardless of the cloud, the pilot knew the landing field was close by. How did he know? That had been his training—by latitude and longitude, by radio beam. He could not see the landing field, but not a moment did he doubt that it was there, because he knew.



Rev. H. L. Chesser

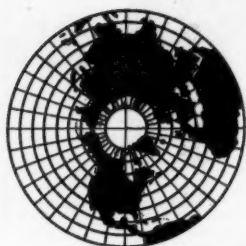
Is it not the same in our religious experience? Have there not been moments in your life and mine when we were very sure about God, sure beyond the shadow of a doubt? In that moment we could say with Paul, "I know whom I have believed." Let us remember then that however our feelings may change in the ups and downs of life, it does not alter the fact of past experience. The love of God is unchanging, and Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. Paul has said that "all things work together for good to them that love God and to them who are the called according to his purpose." We should realize that no change in circumstances can alter the reality of the truth of the Scriptures. When clouds of doubt descend, we can go on, doggedly if necessary, remembering the words of Matthew Arnold: "We cannot kindle when we will, defy that in the heart resides, but tasks in hours of insight willed can be through hours of gloom fulfilled." Let us listen for the voice from the cloud saying, "Be of good cheer. It is I. Be not afraid."

THIRDLY, let us look at the cloud of sin. We are in the sunshine. All is well. We are soaring through the air at a rapid rate of speed. Everything is lovely, smooth, and nice; the weather is clear. The clouds look beautiful when you are flying above them. Sometimes we become careless and do not keep ourselves in the love of God. Sometimes unwittingly, sometimes wilfully, we head right into the cloud. Sin has its attraction and its flowery promises. It promises what it cannot give. Jesus fulfills the promises that He makes. That is why He said, "Not as the world giveth, give I unto thee." When you have flown into the cloud, it does not have the beauty as it did looking at it from the outside. Sin does not have the attraction and the beauty and the joy when entered into as one had thought perhaps before.

Perhaps the darkest clouds that ever gathered on the earth were those around the cross of Calvary. The Biblical narrative tells us that there was darkness over all the earth and that the sun was darkened. Christ Himself experienced the darkness of the clouds of misunderstanding, hatred, anguish of body and mind, disappointment, and, in the world's eyes, failure. He felt the weight of sin as its burden fell across His shoulders until He cried,

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# World Tour ...

## Part 5 — Is India Invincible?

By WADE H. HORTON, Foreign Field Representative

INDIA, the ancient stronghold of the Hindu and Mohammedan religions, is, after many centuries, still resisting the gospel of the grace of God. She holds with relentless tenacity to the false cults and superstitious beliefs of her forebears to the disillusionment of many broken-hearted missionaries. She has caused workers to leave her shores crushed in spirit and physically weakened because of her strict adherence to an unshaken conviction in her false way of life. She retains in her bowels the remains of some of earth's greatest men and women, who have fallen on the field of battle while harvesting souls for the Saviour. These gave their lives as sacrifices in order that her untold millions would not die untold. Some have fainted and given up in despair. Others have fallen, but in the thick of the fight, counting not their lives dear unto themselves. Some are still contending courageously for the truth that is in Jesus Christ, and who knows but that before the smoke of the conflict clears away, this darkened land may become fertile ground for the last days' Pentecostal revival, a revival resulting at least partially because of the blood, sweat, and tears sown by stout-hearted and God-fearing saints who believed in, but never saw, the revival they hoped and prayed would come.

The penetrating preaching and exemplary illustrations of real Christian living, by the faithful Spirit-filled missionaries, is slowly but surely permeating the walls of unbelief and false philosophies of this satanic-bound country. God grant that all hindrances shall fall before the Sword of the Spirit, that revival may come in our time.

The Church of God cannot boast of any great territory taken in this tremendous task of saving India from the grip of her 33,300,000 gods; however, one thing is certain—we have the truth, and it is being preached in Pentecostal power, to the consternation of the hindering hordes of Beelzebub.

The enemy is employing every impediment imaginable to prevent the progress of this end-of-time evangelistic endeavor. Despite his most earnest efforts, the clear clarion call of India's anointed gospel workers is bringing results which are redounding to the glory of God and the salvation of the lost. Numbers are being saved, sanctified, filled with the Holy Ghost, baptized in water, and added to the Church, monthly. New churches are continually being organized, and many other established groups are seeking fellowship with us.

Brother William Pospisil, the overseer, cannot possibly reach all who are calling for his services, but he is constantly striving to minister where the greatest good can be accomplished. The prospects for spreading out into other parts of India are the best they have ever been, and you may rest assured that the ground covered under his leadership will be Church of God all the way. Our

Church can justly be proud of such missionaries as Brother and Sister Pospisil, who were willing to bid farewell to the land of peace, plenty, and prosperity, to come to a land of poverty, paganism, and political upheaval. May the Lord bless them in their labor of love for the lost in India's vast vineyard.

Sister Dora Myers is doing a commendable work as principal of our Bible School. Her educational background, her consecrated life, and her sincere efforts are strong contributing factors to the success of our young Christian workers. May heavenly wisdom continually be upon her as she fulfills her calling in Christian education.

Brother T. M. Varughese, field secretary, is a real blessing to our work. He has a genuine love for the Church of God. Many of our people will remember him, for he visited several of our states while traveling in the United States in 1952.

There are also other good dependable men who can be relied upon to do their part in this Christ-honoring crusade, but it would be impossible to give each of them due mention.

A detailed report cannot be given the many services attended (twenty-nine in twenty-six days), but to say the least, they were blessed of God, each one of them. The last week of my stay in India was spent in their annual convention. The crowd was estimated to have been between five and seven thousand on the best attended nights. A capsule report of this convention is as follows: Spiritual tide high, forty-five conversions, several healed, and a mission offering of 1,000 rupees given. This was a great offering for such poverty-stricken people. May God bless those precious people for the sacrifice they made.

It would have thrilled you through and through to see them clapping their hands and bouncing rhythmically up and down on the floor, where they were sitting, as they worshiped God in spirit and in truth.

One highlight of this convention was when the young preachers made reports of their activities in their Indian missionary work; that is, the untouched territory of their land. Neither space nor time will permit relating all the sacrifices, sufferings, and successes of many of the Indian preachers. However, one stands out so vividly in my mind that it seems to require mentioning at least briefly.

One young man went to a new field several hundred miles from his home, to open a work for the Church. He labored over two years, with little visible results. In desperation he fasted forty days and the results were amazing. Within a short time people were coming from many surrounding towns to have him pray for them. Divers miracles and healings were wrought in the name of Jesus Christ. One hundred and twenty were baptized, and

more than one hundred joined the church. Persecutions and threats were rife on many sides, but like a true soldier he stood his ground, and God has abundantly blessed him. Today he has a good church with over a hundred members, a monument to his indomitable faith and courage.

Since meetings were being conducted in Kanakapulam, we left early one night and visited the annual Hindu celebration of their god Ayyappa, which was being held near by. An estimated crowd of 125,000 people were on the grounds during this week of festivities. Many hundreds had walked forty and fifty miles to come to the special celebration. It was an unforgettable and unexplainable experience. It was cause for a revulsion of soul and spirit as they would march and prance by, painted in gaudy colors and dressed in every imaginable costume, twisting their bodies in uncanny contortions and chanting over and over, "Ayyappa Swami, Ayyappa Swami, Ayyappa Swami," in praise to their god. This weird, unearthly gibberish continues until it seems one is transported into the very realms of unreality. One's gaze becomes fixed upon them as the momentum of their worship increases, and enthusiasm mounts higher and higher until one finally sighs with relief as they seem to have reached the zenith of possibility. About the time you figure they have mustered the maximum of energy possible, something else happens which seems to revitalize their weary bodies and spirits. That something might have been a shout from one of the leaders, the beating of a drum, or any one of many other things too numerous to mention. On and on it goes to the mountain peak of absolute frenzy. We searched their faces to see if there was any sincerity there. On some we saw it; some had very little; while others seemed to have none at all.

As we made pictures, some would face us and put on a real show while they engaged in their ceremony and worship. We have their counterpart in America. The identical classes may be found in the Christian religion. Some are sincere and consecrated; some show little sign of any spiritual depth; while others are manifestly without one particle of born-again evidence. Oh the sobering solemnity of the Scripture which says, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death!"

This week of celebration is climaxed by a fourteen-mile trek to the foot of a mountain, where they spend the night. Only the most devout make this journey. On the following day, they climb to the top of the mountain and go inside the temple where their golden god has been placed for this special occasion. They fervently worship this god made by human hands, leave an offering, and then return to their homes. No doubt they feel that everything is all right. It makes one groan within when the utter futility of it all is realized.

After the last worshiper has marched in and out of the temple, this god is carried (can you imagine the infinite being carried by the finite?) to a place of safekeeping about forty miles' distance. This is a precautionary measure against his being stolen. Oh, the irony of the situation! A god that must be carried! A god that can be stolen! A god that cannot move himself certainly could not move anything else. A god that cannot protect himself surely could be no protection to others. It makes praises well up in your soul to the living God who does not need to be carried about with human hands, nor be guarded by finite eyes, but He is always bearing us up,



for "underneath are the everlasting arms." Blessed be His name forever! Eternally may His name be praised.

We also visited what is said to be one of the seven churches founded by Thomas, the apostle, in the middle of the first century. The history of the visit of the apostle to this ancient Hindu shrine at Palayur and the wholesale conversions of the Brahmins is historical tradition which has been handed down from one generation to another, and is believed without any doubt by the natives.

It is believed that the apostle Thomas landed on the Malabar coast of India on the Arabian Sea and walked along the seashore until he came to Palayur. He then visited the great tank (lake) of the temple where the Brahmins were having their morning baths and performing their religious ceremonies by taking a handful of water from the tank and throwing it up into the air between them and the sun, muttering some sort of prayers in worship to the rising sun. Upon seeing this, Thomas testified to them that all such was meaningless; that there was nothing extraordinary about it; that it was useless in attaining salvation. They had a heated discussion with him about the new religion which he preached, and during the course of the argument they all finally agreed to embrace his religion if he could perform a miracle in water, and they took an oath to that effect. The apostle consented to the test, saying, "My Lord and my God is almighty, and everything is possible with Him." He then took some water in his hands and threw it into the air. To their great surprise a depression was quite visible on the surface of the tank from where the water was taken, and the quantity of water thrown up was seen floating in the air as great drops and then falling down again as flowers. The Brahmins were astonished by the indisputable miracle, and most of them fell down and began worshiping Thomas. He stopped them by telling them that he was not God, but a son of that God of the sun which they had been worshiping. They received

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# The Spiritual Man

PART V

By M. G. McLUHAN, Principal,  
Berea Bible Seminary, Union of South Africa

**I**N SUMMING UP the perils that face world-wide Pentecost today, we are amazed at the lack of a knowledge of true spirituality, in many cases. Much of this lack of the knowledge of true scriptural spirituality rests in the lack of Bible teaching and in a lack of true consecrated prayer. Satan does not care how much people pray, if prayer is not in divine order. Everything that is referred to as "praying" does not appear as prayer in the ears of the Almighty. In the Church of God at Corinth, prayer had become a bone of contention. There was an argument over the method of prayer instead of the motive and substance of prayer. Paul was obliged to give them instructions regarding the proper methods of prayer, because prayer, like the other items of Christian worship, had become, with some at least, an avenue of self-promotion. So serious did this become that the prayer-life of the assembly was dragged down to a noisy din of one human voice trying to drown out the other. Among the Greeks, immoral women went unveiled, and female slaves were shorn. Wherever the true gospel is preached with power, it reaches the down-and-outs, as well as the up-and-outs. So, we have no reason to believe that it was different in Corinth. Consequently, there were differences of social strata, as well as differences of race in the Corinthian church. In the meetings, the one-time-immoral streetwalker mingled with the converted slave, and the Jewish woman who always had been a follower of the strict Hebrew moral code, sat near the converted Greek woman whose life even before conversion had been above moral question.

Among all the other problems in Corinth, this became one of the most serious. Prayer became the cause of a congregational class war, and as a result the sanctity and sacredness of communion with God was destroyed. Prayer, instead of being a time of holy reverence and worshipful devotion, became a time of noise that sounded much like the market place with various hawkers crying out their wares. It was bad enough that the women were vying with the men in their effort to be heard, but it was a greater disgrace to the assembly that many of these women were daring enough to appear with the emblem of their former harlotry—an uncovered, and often short-cropped, head. As a result of these conditions, Paul counselled the women to be silent in the church, and also to conform to the Greek custom of covering their heads. I am not arguing, or attempting

to state what style of hair or head covering the Lord expects today, but I am rather trying to point out something that was much more important than the hair styles among the women in Corinth, and still is. It is the fact that prayer was something that was connected generally with the assemblies. It was not looked upon as prayer should be, inasmuch as it was associated in the mind of each Corinthian as an opportunity of vocal self-manifestation.

**P**ENTECOST today faces a similar grave problem. It has not arisen from exactly the same causes as provoked it in Corinth, but it is here, nevertheless. Not all, thank God, but many folk in Pentecost have drifted far from private prayer life, and the family altar has disappeared from many of the homes where the blessing fell more than forty years ago. To many Pentecostal young people, the only prayer that is known is the prayer at the church. As a result, prayer is no longer known as the individual's heart-communion with his Maker. Instead, it is a part of the service, like the song service, the offering, or the preacher's message. I have been in many pastors' homes during my life and experience as a minister, and one of the alarming things to me has been the slow but sure decline of family worship. Family worship stops because individuals get out of the habit of private prayer. I am not an alarmist, nor a pessimist, but I believe God expects us to be realists. These are hard facts, and who can deny them honestly? Who would dare to declare that Pentecostal prayer meetings are as fervent in spirit and as well attended by the membership as they used to be? No one, surely who knows the state of Pentecost world-wide. Some may retort, "Oh, Pentecost is growing faster than ever!" That may be true numerically, but is it actually true that our spiritual power and insight is becoming greater and deeper? Are our skirts still free from the stain of worldliness? I fear that some of these things can well be examined by men who have an eye to the future. There are places where people are alive to facts, and, consequently, a resurgence of true New Testament Pentecostal power is being experienced in various communities. I do not think that the effects of prayerlessness are too deep to be removed if we are really spiritual people and are "discerning all things." A few truly spiritual folk can be used of God to bring an assembly that has sunken into a state of prayerlessness back once more to a place of glowing spiritual fervor and old-fashioned power. It will never be done, however, as long as the only prayer is the congregational one, even though that congregational prayer may be in concert. A congregation or an individual will see little result from their prayers if they look at them as a part of a meeting and never are exercised in true Spirit-led praying at any other time. Some assemblies boast that they never have congregational prayer because it is "con-



fusing," and yet others boast that they have it because it is the "old-fashioned way." The hard facts remain that either kind is powerless, impotent, and almost an insult to God if it is the only time people pray.

THE CORINTHIANS were thrown into an uproar, because individuals of improper exterior appearance were attempting a leading part in the "saying of prayers." Is it any more lawful, in the sight of God, to ask some individual or some congregation to raise their voices to Him on Sunday when they have never taken the time to so much as bend a knee in His presence all week? Shall we suppose that God is more pleased with a new-fangled Pentecostal professor than He was with the same creature in ancient Corinth? Will a man who raises his family in an atmosphere of absolute prayerlessness and twentieth-century materialism be more fit to speak to God than these exlibertines of Corinth? Let us arouse ourselves. Prayer is not valued by its oratory, nor the "place" that is provided for it in the program. Such is not prayer at all, because prayer is a spiritual thing that is uttered from longing human spirits to God who is a Spirit, and who accepts only a worship that is in spirit and in truth. Let us, as spiritual people, awake to this another Pentecostal peril and take the appropriate action. First, bring your own prayer life up to where it should be, and then God will give wings to your testimony and power to your message, and others will return to the upper room.

SINCE THE FOREGOING part of this work has been discussing perils of true Pentecostal spirituality, let us consider for a while what true spirituality is according to the Scriptures. Spirituality with some people is like the great sea serpent—much glowing talk goes on about it, but few have really seen it. The Pentecostal world has many in its ranks who talk much about spirituality but who cannot give a scriptural definition for it. In order to arrive at a scriptural definition, let us first discuss some things that spirituality is *not*. After this has been cleared up, we shall be able to intelligently approach a sound definition.

First, it is not mysticism, dreams, revelations, or miracles. Some have the mistaken idea that the farther they go into the mystical, the more spiritual they are. Now no one will deny that true spirituality has a mystical phase about it that beggars analysis and description, and wherever there is true spirituality there will be a mystical something or other that everyone senses but cannot explain. However, the spiritists boast of mystical atmospheres in their seances, and wherever Satan is there is an infernal mysticism. Furthermore, there is a quality of the human mind that is given to the mystical. Some people can conjure up dreams so frightening, unusual, pleasing, or just plainly insane that neither God nor the devil would possibly be guilty of originating them. One fellow came into my office the other day, and, with a faraway look in his eyes, he told me that I was an antichrist. The way he said it made me sorry for him rather than either perturbed or angry. He said,

"I must tell you, *Brother*, that you are antichrist."

"Now," said I, "what kind of a Christian would call the antichrist his brother?"

He could not answer, but claimed the Lord had mystically led him to give forth a message of condemnation to all men. I reminded him that he could not be following the God of the New Testament, nor Jesus

Christ, because God sent His Son into the world not to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved. He declared that his message must then be to Christians instead of sinners, so I merely said,

"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died . . ."

Hallelujah, I am thankful that I know a true spirituality that is not based on the mystical insanity of these base dreamers.

An hour or so before, I had been obliged to do some business in town, so I told the fellow to make himself at home in my office. He asked if he could use the typewriter, and requested some paper. I provided it, but when I came back he said that he had been impressed by the Lord not to use my typewriter. This is a glowing example of the near-insane actions of these mystics whose minds dangle on a narrow thread and are made to sway like a pendulum with every mental breeze that passes through their cranium. Every thought, whether carnal, senseless, unscriptural, un-Christian, or ridiculous, is taken for the mystical voice of God. This is definitely not spirituality, because God wishes to use your brain, not discard it.

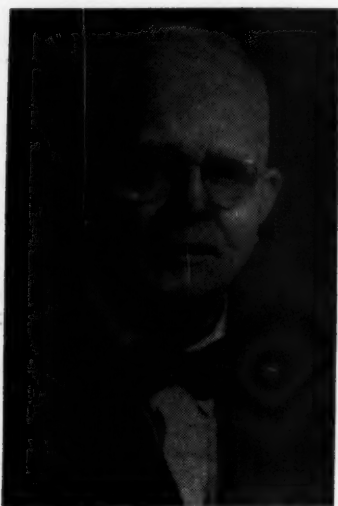
### THE VOICE FROM THE CLOUD

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"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But He did not let go His hold on God. Though the dark clouds hung around, He knew that God had not let go His hold on Him in spite of that awful hour of mystery and pain. He prayed, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." In the midst of the dark cloud and at the time it seemed all hope had flown, the Man on the cross was victorious, and the cross has carried His message ever since—not the message of those who put Him there. It still shines through the gloom, through the darkness, through despair, through false doctrine, through greed, selfishness and sin, to point men to the Redeemer of all mankind. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. The light of God's redeeming love never shone so brightly than on that day of deepest darkness when Jesus Christ our Lord faced and conquered our two greatest enemies, sin and death.

If the cloud of sin has darkened your outlook, if the power of sin is stronger than you are, if you long to have done with that sin and have that glad sense of sin forgiven and sin conquered, then listen for the voice that speaks so clearly through the clouds of Calvary: "Be of good cheer; thy sin is forgiven thee." You may have been going through the valley, through the dark cloud of doubt, accusation, disappointment, and disillusion. These clouds have been sent to test us and to teach us. The poet has said, "Behind the cloud the sun still shines." We are told that the eagle soars from the mountain peak, up and up, above the clouds and storm, and there basks in the sunlight until the storm has cleared away and then returns to his resting place. Let us listen for the voice from the clouds as we take to our hearts the words of William Cowper, "Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take. The clouds you so much dread are big with mercy, and shall break in blessings on your head." There has never been a night so dark or a cloud so thick or so heavy but what the blue sky was still there, and that the clouds would pass away and the sun was still shining. Let us take courage and listen for the voice from the clouds, "This is my beloved Son: hear him."

## Father, Son, and Grandson -



John C. Padgett, has served the church forty-two years as evangelist, pastor and state overseer. He has pastored in Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, and South Carolina. He was state overseer of Alabama. He is evangelizing now, at the age of 74, in the State of Florida, having a recent meeting in Tallahassee.



A. A. Padgett, son of John C. Padgett, is pastoring the South Rocky Mount Church in Rocky Mount, North Carolina, and is active as the district overseer of the Rocky Mount District.



Frank Culpepper, grandson of John C. Padgett, is pastoring the Church of God in Lake Placid, Florida.

## My Testimony *by John C. Padgett, Evangelist, Florida*

Revelation 12:11, "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony."

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN important for a Christian to keep in his or her life a burning testimony for God. In the text that I have selected for my subject, as you can see, the overcomers had been able to gain the victory over the devil by the blood of the Lamb and their testimony. The margin says, "because of their testimony." I feel that with the workings of the devil and sin confronting the Christians as we have never experienced, if we are to be victorious over the devil, we must keep a burning testimony.

When I became a Christian, more than forty years ago, God put within my heart a flame of fire that has never burned out. I have told about it over and over, and I have preached it again and again, and somehow it just won't burn out. The more I try to tell it, the greater the flame becomes, and suddenly I realize the experience of the apostle Peter as he was testifying in 1 Peter 1:8, "... yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." After telling my experience many times and in many places, it is now that I come with the greatest of gratitude in the father, son, and grandson page of the *Evangel*.

IN THE EARLIEST DAYS of my childhood I felt the Spirit of God and the hand of conviction dealing with me, but I was never able to make a complete

surrender to God until July of 1909. I cannot recall the exact day of the month that I was saved, but I can well remember what took place in my life. While I was all alone in meditation and prayer on that July morning, that old load and burden of sin I had been carrying around since childhood, went out of my life, and I was instantly made free from my sins. How well I remember that prayer I prayed more than forty years ago. I said, "Lord, if you will take this load of sin out of my heart, I'll turn my back on this old world and give my life to you." Praise God! How wonderful! It happened! That load of sin was gone. When the joy of the Lord came into my heart, it was just as real as if it carried physical life with it. And, praise God, it was life, life of happiness and joy from that hour until now. When the change came into my heart, I cried and I laughed at the same time. As I sat there on that old rail fence in south Georgia, with tears running down my face and a laugh coming out of my heart, I immediately realized that all hatred and bitterness was gone out of my heart, too.

Never had I asked anyone's forgiveness for any wrong I had committed. I had seen my mother crying because of deeds I had done that broke her heart, and I had never asked her to forgive me. But when the Lord saved me, He put a spirit of forgiveness in my heart, and I was willing to ask anyone to forgive me for the wrongs I had committed. The first person I met that morning

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# I Salute

by A. A. Padgett, Pastor, South Rocky Mount, N. C.

Proverbs 4:1-4, "Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding. For I give you good doctrine, forsake ye not my law. For I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother. He taught me also, and said unto me, Let thine heart retain my words: keep my commandments, and live."

Proverbs 17:6, "Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers."

**M**ANY PATRIOTIC EVENTS are connected with the American flag. What could be more stirring to the American people than to see "Old Glory" waving high? It has been decreed by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America "that during the ceremony of hoisting or lowering the flag, or when the flag is passing in a parade or in a review, all persons present should face the flag, stand at attention, and SALUTE." How thrilling it is to think of "the flag-raising on Iwo Jima" by those four United States Marines during World War II. When "Old Glory" is hoisted and waving, it symbolizes that over the land of which it waves there is freedom of speech, freedom of worship, and freedom of press.

With these God-given privileges signified by "Old Glory," why shouldn't we take off our hats and stand at attention while it is passing by or we stand before it? What was it that inspired that young Washington lawyer, Francis Scott Key, to write "The Star-Spangled Banner"? It was while he and John S. Skinner went aboard a British warship to negotiate a release for a doctor. While they were aboard the ship, the British began to bombard Fort McHenry, and these two men were not allowed to leave until the attack was over. They paced the deck all night, not knowing how the battle was going, but at seven o'clock in the morning, a break in the mist cleared the view for a moment, and they saw the American flag still flying over the wall of the fort.

The American was thrilled at the sight and wanted to express his feelings, so he began to write, and as a result we have "The Star-Spangled Banner."

It is great to be an American, and I count it an honor to stand and salute the American flag. I know for those who abide under its protection there is safety, peace, and a right to worship God.

Many of you have already read the testimony of my dad. As I think of saluting the flag, I should like to stand and give a salute to a wonderful dad. As I admire his testimony, I know that it is true, and I know that back of that testimony there is a life that shines out to confirm that Jesus saves, sanctifies, and fills with the Holy Ghost. Just here I should like to stand, take off my hat, and give a salute to the life he is living. I know he is worthy.

The Bible has painted a beautiful picture of a good woman in Proverbs 31:10-31. Verse 28 says, "Her children arise up and call her blessed." One of the greatest needs of the country today is parents that love their children. If you will love your children and teach them the love of God, they will rise up in your old days and call you blessed. I have parents whose children look up to, honor, and respect them for the wonderful lives they have lived. Dad and Mother, you cannot expect your children to live noble lives if you live lives of shame and disregard before them.

When I see mothers and fathers smoking, drinking, cursing; when I see them knocking, denouncing, and refusing to carry their children to church; when I see them neglecting and turning away their opportunity to raise their children for God, I wonder what kind of people they are. I do not understand that way of life. It was not that way in the home where I was raised. Never have I heard my dad take an oath or seen him smoke a cigarette, take a drink of whiskey, or partake of any of

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## Their Works Follow On

by Frank Culpepper,  
Pastor, Lake Placid, Florida

2 Timothy 1:5, "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also."

**W**HERE WE SEE the true spirit of the gospel manifested through three generations. In the age of Lois, Eunice, and Timothy, men of education despised the pagan faith, which they yet professed to believe. They kept up their actual adherence to heathen worship because of family tradition, and they believed religion of some sort to be the protection of society.

The unfeigned faith which is carried through three generations is the faith that caused men to believe in the risen Christ with the sure hope of eternal life, and to believe that it would help one to endure persecutions,

suffer loss, live or die, for the sake of Christ, and come forth with Him on the glorious resurrection morning. It is sad, indeed, when the young of today break away from a true religious ancestry and forsake their fathers' God. It is remarkable, indeed, that the unfeigned faith of the grandmother, Lois, and the mother, Eunice, would follow on through time and grow up in the young man Timothy. "Unfeigned" means not counterfeit, not hypocritical, but genuine. That is the kind of atmosphere in which this young person was brought up.

What a different world this would be if only more children were reared in Christian homes, homes where they would be taught and instructed in the righteousness and the truth of God, not just merely told about it, but

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## IS INDIA INVINCIBLE?

(Continued from page 5)

his words according to their oath then and there, and were instantly baptized by the hands of the apostle in the same water of the tank. Their families were baptized later.

It is said that a small number refused to be baptized on the shameful pretence, saying that they were duped by some magic spell, and they left the place at once. Due to the conversion of these Brahmins at Palayur, this temple and tank have been cursed, and it is strictly forbidden for a Brahmin to drink cold water, or even that of a tender coconut, within the boundary of the place, as a result of this curse.

The apostle is said to have worked in this place for some time, and he was able to make numerous other converts of the high caste Hindus, performing miracles of healing and restoring to health many from their deathbeds. One case worthy of mention was the king's son who was critically ill, with no hope of recovery. The working of God's power through Thomas came to the attention of the king, who sent for him to come and pray for his son. The son was instantly and completely healed, after which the king put at the disposal of the apostle his entire treasury to use for buildings in which to preach his wonder-working gospel. But alas, this place of miracles has, over the centuries, become corrupted, until today it is a stronghold of the coldest and most politically powerful cult since creation. It is almost the same as when Thomas found it in the first century, especially in regard to worshipping the creations instead of the Creator. Let us earnestly pray that another Thomas will rise up in our day and again visit Palayur in the power of the Spirit of the living God, also that God will raise up others to go into the unreached parts of India, for the harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few. The laborers are few compared to India's 600,000 towns and villages that as yet have never heard the footsteps of a single missionary.

The poverty and suffering of the people of India is indescribable. I saw thousands sleeping on the streets because they have no homes. Many are born on the streets, live all their days on the streets, and finally die on the streets. Millions live in shacks which can by no stretch of the imagination be called homes. Multiplied thousands of beggars continually walk the streets, hoping against hope to survive the ravages of hunger. Diseased and emaciated bodies visibly show the work of malnutrition in its varied stages. Wistful and wishful eyes look for a better tomorrow which never comes. Watch with me the scantily clad elderly Indian man coming slowly and laboriously down the street. See the stark terror and pain in his eyes! At every lifting of a foot, more fear and misery registers in those sad appealing eyes, as they seem to sense the ending of the road. His lips are moving, but there is no strength to articulate understandable words. No one stops to investigate. It is so common here that even a clear call goes unanswered. He halts and leans against a wall to balance himself as he, with trembling hands, wearily wipes from his face the dust and perspiration. Is that a faint smile spreading across his face? No. A closer look only reveals the usual frown of sorrow. What reason would he have to smile? Could he smile about his present condition? Are his future prospects brighter? It is all darkness to him, both the "here

and the hereafter." Eventually he straightens up and shakes his head to clear his vision, and trudges unsteadily on, on a toilsome and purposeless journey. His feeble steps get slower and slower until at last they give way underneath the body that can stand the strain no longer. With an almost noiseless thud, the body slumps into lifeless slumber to await an eternal tomorrow, a tomorrow that is a billionfold more uncertain for him than all the tomorrow-mileposts passed during his miserable lifetime of hunger, trouble, and sorrow amid earth's uncaring and unheeding throngs.

**Who is responsible?** The worldly wise and sinfully satisfied church answers back with self-righteous indignation, "NOT I. It is a hopeless situation. Why bother me? It is no fault or responsibility of mine. There is nothing I can do." This voice parallels another voice which spoke in early existence and said defensively, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Both voices can only receive one answer and that from the eternal God, "Your brother's blood crieth unto me."

**Who is responsible?** The spiritual Church, with deep humility and regret, meekly replies, "Whether I am responsible for his having no bread in his stomach, I cannot answer, but as for his having no **Bread of Life in his soul**, I am compelled to accept this as my God-given obligation. I cannot escape responsibility by denying it. It does not lessen my guilt to argue about whose fault it is; neither does it relieve the burden of my soul to leave it to someone else."

How will we Church of God people answer this all-important question? Negative or positive? Right or wrong? With excuses or earnest effort? Selfishly or sacrificially?

Immortal, never-dying souls are awaiting our answer. What will it be? **God grant that all of us may answer aright.**

## MY TESTIMONY

(Continued from page 8)

after my conversion was my brother-in-law. Oh, how I did hate him! The last time I had spoken to him I was crying, but not because I was saved. Instead, I was very mad and was violently threatening him. As I approached him on this morning, I was laughing and crying at the same time, and perhaps he didn't know what to expect. I said, "Walt (that was my brother-in-law's name), hold on a minute." As he looked up from under his old broad-brim hat, standing on one side of the old rail fence and me the other, I said, "Walt, I have got religion, and I want you to forgive me for all that I have said and committed against you." He looked up at me and said, "I am glad that you have got religion." Oh, that was a wonderful experience! I can feel its regenerating power now.

The next definite experience I had with God was on the night of December 28, 1909, in the old countryside Methodist church where my grandfather and my mother attended church. My grandfather served as local minister of this church, and most of his family were members. I was in the revival service on this particular night, and this was the closing night of the meeting. My grandfather had preached that night on the experience of sanctification. He told in detail of the joy and blessedness of the experience. At the close of the sermon he called all the church members to the altar to seek for this experience. I wasn't a member of this church, but I

decided to go to the altar for prayer. Just as the congregation was kneeling for prayer, I was about half way down on my knees. Praise God, that sanctifying power touched me on the top of my head and went throughout my entire body! As it passed through my body I could feel it in the tip of my fingers and toes, and there came a volume of glory that sprang up in me like a river of living water. Oh, what joy! There was also a volume of joy and praise that came forth in such force that I just had to turn them loose. I do not know what the congregation thought about all this loud noise, but the joy was so wonderful that I just had to turn loose. I could go on and on telling about these wonderful works of grace, but as I try to tell about it I think of the words of the apostle Peter, "It is joy unspeakable and full of glory."

**THESE EXPERIENCES** were great, and now I am sure they were preparing me for the blessing yet to follow. On the Sunday night following the 28th night of December, 1909, the night I was sanctified, I attended a tent meeting which was conducted by some Pentecostal preachers and their wives. To me this was the most soul-stirring singing, preaching, and praying I had ever heard. When the altar call was given, I thought sure that I was ready for all God had for me. Ready! Yes, I thought I was. However, in this meeting there were some of my Christian friends, and I knew their attitude toward this Pentecostal experience, especially speaking in tongues. I was in the altar and was still feeling the joy and peace I had received the night I was sanctified. All of a sudden I felt that I was in a flame of fire, and I am sure I would have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost that night, if (and, friends, let me say just here, there is always a reason for all those "if's," if you have not received the Holy Ghost)—if I had kept my mind on the Holy Ghost, but that is where I failed. The devil came and whispered in my left ear this question, "What are these folk going to think of you when you begin speaking in tongues?" I said to the devil, "What?" When I did, the fire went out and the power of God that I was feeling began to leave me. That blessed gentle dove-like Spirit seemed to fly away, and I was left as dry as a lake without water. Brother and Sister, I paid the penalty for letting the devil talk to me that night.

I was determined to receive the power that Jesus said would come upon us "after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Just a few nights later, after the experience with the devil, on January 12, 1910, there was a north-west cold wave blowing through South Georgia. The evangelist decided it was too cold to have service under a tent. However, those who had come to the tent for service were invited to the home of the late J. W. Culpepper. I was certainly lifted up to know that those so-called Christian friends of mine would not be at this meeting. But to my surprise, some of them were there. Yet, I had fully pledged myself that if I just could get back once again where I was the first night I went to the altar seeking for the Holy Ghost, I wouldn't allow anything to come in my mind that would hinder me from receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

The song service was called to order, and my, how those songs did ring out! I once again felt that peace and joy sweep through my body. Oh, how I was delighted! That same hissing demon seemed determined to defeat me, but I refused to listen to him. Praise God, all of a sudden every muscle in my face, my tongue, my throat drew until my mouth came open as wide as nature would per-

mit. My tongue was stiff and beyond control. By this time the attention of the entire crowd was on me. But I would not allow that hindrance to come before me again. I thought how wonderful it would be to praise God. There I sat trying with all my might to speak. All of a sudden the muscles in my face began to relax, and I tried to speak in my own way, but the Holy Ghost took control. From that day until the time of this writing, 12:22 a.m., December 8, 1953, I have never doubted the realities of these wonderful blessings that have kept me these forty-three years, ten months, and twenty-four days.

In conclusion, may I urge each of you who have just begun with the Lord, not to be weary in well-doing. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord," 1 Corinthians 15:58.

### I SALUTE

(Continued from page 9)

the devil's work. But to the contrary, I cannot remember one single day in my life that my dad did not call for prayer around the breakfast table. And always he bowed before retiring at night, and prayed for God's protection to guide and influence his children through this life.

**IN MY DAD'S** testimony, he tells when he was saved, sanctified, and how he received the Holy Ghost. He did not tell you how many years of that has been spent with the Church of God. About forty-four years of that time has been with the Church. In 1912 he became a licensed minister, and in 1916 he was ordained. During the time he has served the Church, he has been a state overseer, district overseer, pastor, and now, at the age of seventy-three, he is working as an evangelist. Through these many years he has been a worker for the Church and supported it with his entire life. Because of his influence on his family, seven out of the nine children are Christians, and most of them are members of the Church.

Several years ago, while attending the General Assembly in Chattanooga, Tennessee, I heard a message that stirred me very much. In the sermon the preacher was wondering how much longer the Church would be able to go forward and make progress. He pointed out the fact that so many young preachers were taking the places of many of the older preachers who had blazed the trail and the older ministers were becoming inactive or passing off the stage of action. A flame burst up in my soul, and I felt like hitting the platform and letting that congregation know that those older ministers had done a wonderful job for the Church, and while they were doing that they were also raising boys who would soon hit the field with the same love for the Church and with the same zeal that their fathers had. Yes, they felt that the Church wouldn't be "going under, but would be going over," and I must stop here and say, Hallelujah, it's happening! Today we have many of these "trail-blazing preachers' sons" filling the positions that they once filled, and I believe that they have been so inoculated with the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ and with the teaching and doctrines of the Church that the Church will continue to make progress till the Lord Jesus Christ comes back to take His children home. I feel that every young man and woman with parents who love God and have taught them to do so, should arise and stand with



a humble heart and a head high with pride as they pass by.

**EVIDENTLY**, we have many parents who are not teaching their children to love God and have respect for the Church when we read such reports as this: "One Million Juvenile Criminals." Reports are piling up every day on the fastest growing crime wave in American juvenile delinquency. It has been rightfully said, "The way to effectively poison a stream is to pollute it at its source." The devil is certainly devouring the youth of America today with the evil influence with which the parents are polluting the home. Children should live in homes of happiness, surrounded by a sweet influence. In the modern homes of today, the little minds are loaded with evil influence from the parents—drinking, smoking, swearing, and playing cards. The Bible is set aside, while the home is filled with filthy literature. At the top of the list is the sex magazine, true story, detective books, and every other imaginable thing that the devil can hatch out of hell. They are substituting going to church with staying at home and looking at television or listening to their favorite radio program. I am not saying it is a sin to own a television set or a radio, but it is an awful sin when you let it influence you away from your church. It is certainly doing those very things. Then, we have church members and Christians who never miss church service, yet they will come home and begin finding fault with the pastor and criticizing fellow members. All of this is heard by their children. You will reap what you sow. American homes are sowing for the devil, and now we are beginning to reap the devil's harvest.

Recent reports tell us of vicious juvenile culprits all over the country. Many of these crimes are committed by youngsters of the ages from eight to fifteen years. For instance, in Chicago, we read of a half-million-dollar school property damage, also a half-million-dollar railroad wreck, by boys thirteen and fifteen years of age. Churches do not escape this vandalism. In a Southern city, a Baptist church was broken into by youngsters who ripped up the beautiful pulpit Bible, tore the cushions in the pews to shreds, poured paint over the beautifully decorated walls, the hand-carved pulpit, floors, and woodwork, ripped hymn books to pieces and broke sacred vessels. Can you imagine such evils as this going on here in America? It seems that Satan has demonized our youth and put in their hearts a crave for destruction. It's no wonder we have these things going on. In America we have 36,000,000 children growing up without any religious instruction. There are 30,000,000 teen-agers in the land who have never been in any church. They have never heard God's Word expounded, never heard a public prayer, never sung a Christian hymn, and never known the atmosphere of family worship.

This world of ours is not standing in need of more long-range bombers, fast jet planes, and war implements. The greatest need is old-fashioned mothers and fathers to read the Bible, pray, and sing with their families, and raise them up to be God-fearing people. With the world conditions as they are, and knowing that so many children are being neglected as they are, it makes me feel very grateful for the wonderful parents with whom God has blessed me. Yes, when I think of their devotion to God and the interest they have taken in their children, it makes me want to take off my hat, stand at attention, and give them a salute as they pass by, and say, "Forward march, in their footsteps. Go out

and do likewise with the children God has given us to raise."

Faith, like light, should always be simple and unbending; while love, like warmth, should beam forth on every side, and bend to every necessity of our brethren.—Luther.

#### THEIR WORKS FOLLOW ON

(Continued from page 9)

have parents who would be examples of it, parents who would put the cause of Christ before their own welfare and comfort.

If the world today had more grandmothers and mothers like Lois and Eunice, there would be less murders and thefts, and you wouldn't see so many young men reeling to and fro in your streets. Neither would you see the young girls of America walking the streets and selling themselves to the devil. Our Government wouldn't have to spend the millions and millions of dollars each year for crime prevention such as the jails, training schools, and reformatories for boys and girls. Mother and Father, it is much better to take a few moments each day and see that boy and girl kneeling around the old family altar than to see them standing behind the bars.

**IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL** if every young man and woman in America this day could look back as Timothy did and say, "Thank God for a holy ancestry." No doubt, Lois and Eunice were confronted with many trials and burdens, but they kept the faith. They may not have ever preached a sermon or built a beautiful church, but as their faith followed on down through the times, one day it grew up in young Timothy, who was always ready to preach the gospel—in season and out of season.

My mind goes back to my ancestors. One of my grandfathers has already gone on for his reward and to be with the Lord. Everywhere I go, people speak well of him and often tell me of the wonderful life he lived and how pleasant it was knowing him. His works are following on. He was a member of the Church of God for many years. My other grandfather, Rev. John C. Padgett, as you can see, is yet on the battlefield for the Master. In the several states where I have been, people have a good word for John C. Padgett. He has always been ready to give me sound advice in working for the Lord. I can stand up with Timothy and say, "I am proud of my ancestry." I cannot say this because they are millionaires, not because they were President of the United States, but because they have an unfeigned faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and because of their steadfastness and faith in Christ, they have handed it down to the third generation—to me.

"The Lord is my shepherd," not was, not maybe, not will be. "The Lord is my shepherd"—is on Sunday, is on Monday, and is through every day of the week; is in January, is in December, and every month of the year; is at home, and is in China; is in peace, and is in war; in abundance and in penury.—J. Hudson Taylor.

# reports

We feel like sounding a note of praise through the Evangel for what the Lord is doing for the Elkhart, Ind., Church of God. It is a young work, but God has been pouring out His blessings upon it. The Sunday School has increased from around 35 last June to a record attendance of 81 as of this date. The National Sunday School Contest was of great benefit to us, and teachers and scholars alike responded.

The spiritual tide has been mounting higher and higher. New people have been coming and growing hungry for this good salvation. We feel that this growth is largely because we have a pastor who is one of the greatest personal workers the writer has ever known—Rev. O. D. Coleman. At his work, or wherever he may be, he is not afraid to tell people, whether high or low, about the Church of God and what it stands for. The best part about it is that those people can watch him at all times, and they find that he lives just what he preaches. We feel that this church is very fortunate to have him.

On January 24, it seemed that there was such a spirit of revival that a revival should be started right then, so Brother E. E. Coleman, brother of the pastor, was asked to conduct the revival. God helped him to preach some sound doctrine and make the way of salvation so plain to those who were new to holiness that they were willing to fall right in line and accept it the Bible way. Several of the seekers have remarked about how they love him because he helped them to see things they probably would never have seen. Brother Coleman is a man who is not afraid to preach the truth. His ministry was a real blessing to the church here. However, he had several appointments for evangelistic campaigns in the southern part of Georgia, and was able to preach to us for only a week and a half of the revival. Brother Nichols of E. Mishawaka, Ind., preached for the remainder of the week. Although the revival closed, the fire is still burning, and one has since received the Holy Ghost, one has been sanctified, and one saved—all within the past week.

We desire the prayers of the saints of God everywhere that the Lord will make the Elkhart church a mighty tower for God, that sinners may run into it and be saved.—Reporter.

## New Mexico Prayer Conference Inspirational

The New Mexico prayer conference convened on January 18, 19, at the Hobbs church, with Rev. Ralph Wagner as host pastor, and under the direction of the state overseer, Rev. Brady Dennis.

From the opening service at 2:00 p.m. on the 18th, until the conclusion of the conference, the expectations of the brothers and sisters were rewarded with "showers of blessings."

From most of the churches in the State, the ministers and laity came to

enjoy a season of deeper consecration to and in God's service. Hearts were stimulated by the omnipotent and omnipresent Spirit of God. A great portion of the time was given to prayer and praise.

The conference was privileged to have as guest speaker for the 7:00 p.m. service, Monday night, Rev. C. W. Collins, state overseer of Arizona, who delivered a timely message on "Prayer." Rev. Ralph Wagner was ordained during the devotional service.

Tuesday morning service began at 9:30 a.m. The feature of the morning service was a sermon dialogue, embracing messages on "Why Pray," by Rev. Charles Panell, Texas evangelist; "How to Pray," by Rev. H. C. Stokes, former Florida evangelist, now pastor of the Lovington Church; and "When to Pray," by Rev. F. H. Dance, Clovis pastor. Rev. J. W. Truett, pastor of the Graham, Texas, Church, was guest speaker for the morning service.

Tuesday afternoon speakers were Rev. C. W. Collins, pastor of the East Phoenix, Ariz., Church, who delivered a message on "Communion," after which the congregation received Communion, and Rev. J. H. Mitchell, Artesia pastor, who spoke on "What Connection! God's Word and Prayer."

Tuesday evening the speaker was Rev. H. L. Diffie, pastor of 44th Street Church of God, Phoenix, Ariz. His subject was "Are You Alive, and How Do You Know It?"

Congregational, choir, and special singing brought manifestations of praise and yielding to the Spirit of God throughout the conference.

Prospects for the future of the Church of God in New Mexico, under the able leadership of the state overseer, Rev. Brady Dennis, appear brighter as God continues to bless and supply the needs.—Reporter, C. B. Christopher.

## Central Canada Prayer Conference

The Central Canada prayer conference convened in the Pilgrim United Church, February 1 and 2, at London, Ontario.

Rev. Ralph E. Day, state youth director of Michigan, was our guest speaker. Our overseer, Rev. Wm. F. Sullivan, opened the Conference with the reading of the 145th Psalm. The singing was very good, and Brother Day's opening message, "The Christian's Greatest Foe—Unbelief," stirred every heart.

On Tuesday morning, February 2, we started the day off with two hours of prayer, from 7 a. m. until 9 a.m. Our pastor of Tottenham, Rev. Jack Bridal, was in charge of a short devotion. We had good attendance, and all rededicated their lives to God's service, as the power of God came down in an old-fashioned way.

At the 10:30 a.m. service we had a

message by Rev. Paul Budean on "The Second Coming of Our Lord," which made us realize more fully the nearness of His coming.

In the afternoon service we had five snappy sermonettes by the ministers in the Province. Rev. Garland Walker, of Windsor, was first. Using Isaiah 62:6, he pointed out that we should not hold our peace concerning the gospel. Our overseer's wife, Sister Christian Sullivan, was next. She took her text from John 15:7 and exhorted that we keep all channels clear for direct connection with God. Then Rev. Clifford Woodbury gave a heart-stirring message on "Holy Living." Rev. Jack Bridal was next with a Spirit-filled message from 1 John 5:5. Last of all, our overseer, Brother Sullivan, took his text from Amos 6:1, "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion." He urged each of us not to go home and forget the things we had heard and promised, but that we keep the zeal and fire of God burning in our souls. It was wonderful to feel the precious love of God in our hearts, as fellowship and unity was manifest in a glorious way.

The evening service was filled with blessings that we had felt all day. We had a number of visitors from the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada, including two very fine ministers, Brother Vick Clark and Brother John Hare. Brother Hare sang a beautiful solo for us, and both gave their testimonies.

Brother Day blessed our souls with his singing, and then the reading of God's Word and his message on the "Anointing of God" seemed to take the place of the desert in this great spiritual feast.

We also had special prayer for the sick, and one woman received her hearing. Others testified to healing of various ailments.

Surely every message and service was an inspiration to each of us and will be long remembered. We were still able to see and feel the results of our prayer conference a year ago.

It was truly wonderful to be here, and as Brother Sullivan made mention in the earlier part of the conference, "This has been a supplement to our spiritual diet to help carry us through until we can come together again for our camp meeting next July 5-11.

Our greatest need in Central Canada is workers. Please help us pray that this need will be met.—Mrs. G. R. Walker, Reporter.

BREVARD, N. C.—Friday night, February 5, there was a fellowship service at our church. It was the most wonderful service I have ever attended. Our good pastor, D. H. Delk, was in charge of the service. We had some real good singing, and the Spirit of the Lord was felt all over the church. There was also preaching, and before the meeting was over the power of the Lord was so strong that the saints of God were shouting His praises. Never have I been in such a meeting of the Lord.—Mrs. Ed Jones.

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—REVEREND JACK DUDLEY, State Evangelist, North Alabama.





# religious news



## GOVERNMENT TOO BUSY TO CARE FOR INDIANS, CRUSADE REVEALS

LOS ANGELES, California (EP) — Word direct from the American Indian Liberation Crusade of 1059 South Hope Street, Los Angeles, reveals that their appeal to Ezra T. Benson, Secretary of Agriculture, for the release of surplus food from government stocks for hungry Navajo Indians was unanswered, evidently because the government agencies were too busy with foreign affairs. The Liberation Crusade, headed by Dr. Henry E. Hedrick, cites the fact that only 94,000 pounds of surplus food was given to the Indians of Arizona, which would give each of the 65,000 Navajos about one and a third pounds of food for the year. "Why is it a simple thing to distribute billions of aid to foreign countries while it is a very difficult thing to give to the needy at home?" Dr. Hedrick asks. Hedrick cites the fact that the government is selling for 15 cents a pound to Italy butter which cost the taxpayer 67½ cents, and that the Secretary of Agriculture is quoted by General Harold H. Townsend as saying, "We must dispose of one and a half billion pounds of beef to keep 90 cents parity." This will feed 10 million people for ten months, according to Hedrick.

Warning was also voiced by Hedrick against the Malone Bill now being considered in the Congress, which would strip all rights from the Indians and throw their properties open for competitive bidding of special interests. "This would be a diabolical sell-out and a violation of our treaties and agreements with these First Americans," Hedrick declares. He further states that it would appear that there is a strong drive during this Congressional session to curtail, if not completely discontinue, the Department of Indian Affairs. The American Indian Liberation Crusade led in the fight in the federal courts involving the Protestant minority of the Jemez Pueblo Indians in Arizona. They had been deprived of many civil rights and received disciplinary action from a pro-Catholic tribal council, and the negative decision of the judge has since stripped them of the right of further appeal. According to Dr. Hedrick, these Indians cannot hold religious services in their own homes and are not permitted to bury their dead unless they return to the Catholic church. The Liberation Crusade has prepared a documented film which tells the story of the Jemez Indians, entitled "Persecution, U.S.A." that is available for showing to those

interested in religious liberty in America. "We have no right," declares Hedrick, "to point an accusing finger at Italy, Spain, Colombia, or other Latin-American countries when this condition of persecution exists in our own land."

## METHODIST BISHOP WRITING BOOK ON COMMUNIST INVESTIGATIONS

WASHINGTON, D. C. (EP) — Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, of Washington, announced here that he is writing a book relating his battle against allegations that he was sympathetic to Communism. The book, to be entitled "Investigation or Inquisition: A Personal Experience with the House Un-American Activities Committee," will be published by Harper's in April.

## STIFF OPPOSITION OVERCOME BY HOUR OF REVIVAL MEETINGS

PRESTON, England (EP) — The "Hour of Revival" evangelistic campaign under the direction of Eric Hutchings and his team has just completed a most successful series of meetings at Preston in spite of much opposition which at first seemed overwhelming. Enthusiasm of local Christians, inspired by all-night services of prayer refused to be dampened. When large signboards were refused them, they erected their own on strategic spare land. When loud-speakers and sound trucks were forbidden, they set out to visit every house in the town—and they did, calling on 38,000 houses in one week, with a vast army of workers fired with determination to make Christ known in the city. The meetings were held the first two weeks of January with very bad weather, and the hall for the meetings was cold, the loud-speaker system bad. The team suffered from illness, for one of the quartet had to be rushed to the hospital with acute appendicitis, and the pianist collapsed and had to go to bed. Yet God's blessing was there and the hall seating 2,000 was full by the end of the campaign. Record crowds attended and heart-warming scenes of conversion were many. Ministers of the Preston churches are now busy with convert follow-up directed by William Fletcher of the Navigators.

## PRESIDENT ATTENDS CHRISTIAN BREAKFAST GROUP

WASHINGTON, D. C. (EP)—President Eisenhower attended a breakfast prayer meeting where Chief Justice Earl Warren spoke of the United

States as "a Christian land governed by Christian principles" and as "beacon light of faith" for all the world.

The meeting was sponsored by the International Council for Christian leadership which is holding its annual Christian Action Conference at the Mayflower Hotel. Some 600 persons attended, including top government officials and many members of Congress.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL CONTEST SEES LARGE RESULTS

CHICAGO (EP)—The Sixth Annual International Sunday School Contest sponsored by *Christian Life* magazine enlisted 1,250 schools and resulted in a Sunday School increase of 197,646 in the schools taking part, according to a *Christian Life* report. Top winner of the grand prize was the Foursquare Church of Portland, Oregon, where Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Jefferies, pastors, will be enjoying a free trip to the Holy Land as their prize. Every state and Canada, Congo, Nigeria, Sudan, Alaska, Haiti, Jamaica, Trinidad, Canal Zone, Egypt, France, Hawaii, Honduras, Colombia, and Venezuela were represented in those contesting for some forty prizes given by advertisers in *Christian Life* in five categories, based on the size of the Sunday School. Winner in Class A was the First Assembly of God, Memphis, Tennessee. According to *Christian Life's* report, the big secret of the winners was personal visitation by Sunday School workers. Winner of the grand prize, for instance, racked up 24,177 personal calls and 6,934 phone calls in its successful drive which was called "Operation Invasion." The use of bright ideas and "gimmicks" were also seen in the contest reports which came from the various contestants.

## NOTES FROM THE NEWS

The Church of God (Anderson, Indiana) reported a membership of 116,111 at the close of 1953, a gain of 2.49 per cent over 1952. Sunday School enrollment reached 203,134, a gain of 4.73 per cent. Church property was valued at \$26,296,152. They report 2,100 congregations, 2,520 ordained ministers, and 85 missionaries.

A good way to prevent juvenile delinquency is for fathers to pray with their children, said Dr. E. Preston Sharp, in addressing the Pennsylvania Congress of Parents and Teachers. Dr. Sharp is executive director of Philadelphia's Youth Study Center, a large detention center for juvenile offenders.

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